J. Wm Bronsombe 30207

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One Step at a Time.

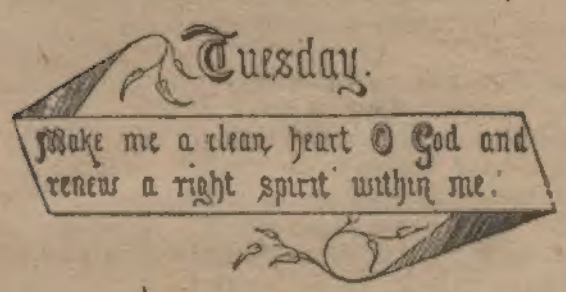
(Mrs. E. E. Williams, in the 'Christian Standard.')

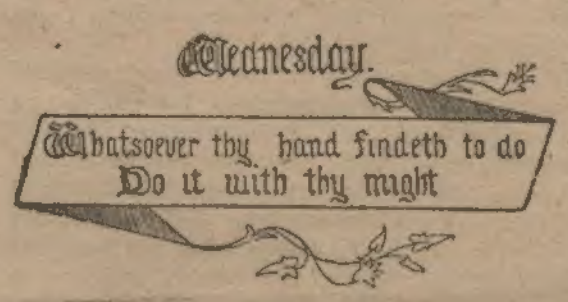
Only a step—one little step—
'Tis all that I can see!
Just one small step my gracious Lord
Uncover now for me!

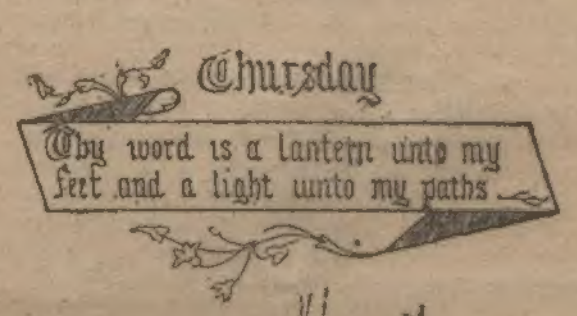
Obediently I take it, and
Another I behold.
Thus, step by step, the hidden way
Before me doth unfold.

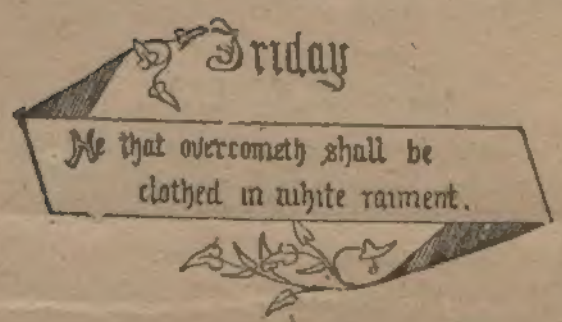
God knoweth best! I yield to Him,
The shaping of my way!
And, step by step I'll follow on
Through life's short, fleeting day.

I cannot see, but I can trust
Knowing the time will come,
When the last step shall be revealed
And I shall be at Home!







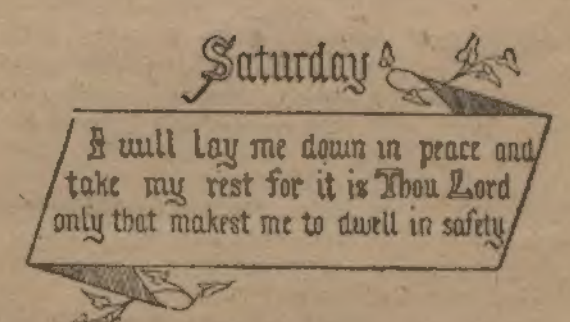


On Sabbath Morning.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, the 'Ram's Horn.')

Mary Averill debated the question anxiously, 'To go or not to go?' She had slept little that night. Voices had been speaking to her all night long, her good angel had been striving with her soul, just now in fierce conflict with an evil temptation, and after a brief morning nap she had awakened unrefreshed, miserable still, with the elements warring within her.

'Yes, I will go,' she said to herself decidedly as she looked out of her window upon the Sabbath quiet. 'The day threatens rain and the fashionable people will not be out in force, and I have so long wished to see Grace church. To-day there may be empty seats enough to afford a shop girl a sitting.' Her lip curled, involuntarily, she had been brought up in a small village where the fashion of pew renting had not penetrated, and this idea of exclusive rights in the house of God was a sore subject, one which kept her away from church



—'Sabbath Reading for the Young.'

many times when she might have gone to her soul's advantage.

She dressed herself carefully and becomingly, and as the bells ceased ringing the first call to worship, she started on her long walk.

Another young girl also meditated the subject of going; one who lived miles from the dingy boarding house which sheltered Mary Averill.

'I'm sure you can do as you like, Helen,' Mrs. Amory was saying, in her languid, Sunday morning voice. 'For my own part I don't feel equal to church to-day. I had a wretched night. Peter can get out the carriage, though. Be sure to tell him to put in the old lap robe. It is plenty good enough for a rainy day.'

'I think I will not trouble Peter, he may wish to attend church himself, and I can take a car,' Helen said, with a smile. Her mother's Sunday morning grievances were amusing to her in the main, and she did not intend to allow herself to drop into the routine. The headache or the nervous fear of a drop of rain or a flake of snow would not deter her one moment from a reception or an entertainment at the opera house.

'Just as you please, of course, Helen, but—one brushes up against all sorts of people in those cars.'

Helen laughed. 'All sorts of people' were as interesting to her as they were obnoxious to her mother. In fact her own daughter was very much of a puzzle to that worthy lady. With all her strenuous efforts to bring her up an aristocrat, she had an annoying sense of failure.

'I believe Helen would have been perfectly happy as a maid or a shop girl, if circumstances had thrown her into such a menial position,' she complained to her husband one day, when some social freak of Helen's had fretted her aristocratic soul almost beyond endurance.

'And why not?' Mr. Amory had asked, impatiently. 'You claim to be a Christian woman; if God had placed her in such a position, why shouldn't she be honestly and conscientiously happy in it, doing her work as unto the Lord?' But Mrs. Amory answered the query with a sigh and a shake of the head. Helen and her father were so peculiar.

As Mary Averill had foreseen, there was a small attendance at Grace church this misty, threatening morning, and the usher, a pleasant-faced young man with a fragrant carnation in his buttonhole, looked at her approvingly as she stood before him, a mute applicant for churchly courtesy. She was neatly and unobtrusively dressed; evidently not of the silk-lined class, but then the Amorys were sure not to be there, so he led her down the long aisle to one of the most expensive seats in the house, and gave her the day's programme, mentally noting the clear, intelligent eyes with the troubled look in them, the smile with which she thanked him for the courtesy.

'As much a lady as any of them,' he said to himself, as he went back to his duties. He started as the next arrival came in, Miss Helen Amory, with that indescribable air of the perfectly dressed, assured young woman of fashion and means, which enveloped her like a garment.

'Really, Miss Amory, I—I thought you would not be here to-day,' the young man stammered, 'and I—I have seated a stranger in your pew.' He was comparatively new to the place, and judged the family by Mrs. Amory's well-known exclusiveness.

'And why not?' Helen flashed a smile at him which warmed his perturbed heart like a sun-beam. 'Surely there should be room in God's house for all of us.'

Mary Averill looked up in dismay as Helen came in attended by the now obsequious usher—he had been simply kind before. She knew Miss Amory at once, as she was a frequent customer at the store, where she spent her working hours, and a painful flush crept into her face as she felt herself an intruder in the private pew of the wealthy Amorys. Mary fully expected a haughty, supercilious stare, that effective weapon of the woman who desires to freeze an inferior, and she braced herself to meet it, but Helen looked over at her with a bow and a smile so sweet that her heart was set at rest at once. She was exceedingly fond of music, and as the rich tones of the organ leaped out from under the skilled fingers of the organist in a sweet, melodious voluntary, her heart revelled in the sounds, and her dark eyes spoke of rapture as the theme unfolded.

Helen was quick to read faces, and she watched the girl as the service went on, not with a curious gaze, but with that true perception which draws near to the joy or the need of another. She had opened the richly bound hymn book, and invited Mary with a kindly glance to look on with her, and together they had sung the hymns and read the psalm for the day, Mary's voice trembling as she sang the comforting verse, 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes.' Her mother had loved the noble old hymn and was always singing it, and a vision arose before her of that mother with her loving eyes and tender heart, as she used to worship in the little village church so far away. No, she herself had not leaned upon Jesus for her repose, or she would not now be in the straits of a wily temptation to do evil, she reflected.

The strained, hard lines of Mary's face went out as the simple, loving words of the sermon fell upon her listening ears. She felt as if the message had been prepared just for her sore need to-day, and as she sat with absorbed attention, two great tears gathered in her eyes and splashed unheeded into her lap, and Helen saw them.

'I am so glad you came to-day,' she said gently, taking Mary's hand in hers after the service.

'I cannot tell you what it has meant to me,' replied Mary Averill, in a faltering voice. 'I needed every word of it.'

'I think we all did. It has helped me, too,' Helen said, with a kindly pressure of the hand which trembled in hers. 'I hope you will come again and often.' The two passed out, and took their several ways, but Mary Averill went back to her lonely room a changed girl in purpose and feelings.

'Oh, if I had such a friend as that,' she said to herself as she smoothed out her gloves and put her hat away, 'and I might have. I know she would never turn from me, just because I am poor and she is rich, if she knew how I need her.' Then the thought flashed into her heart with sweet suggestion, that she had just such a Friend, richer, far richer, and more powerful than Helen Amory could ever be; she had just been hearing about Him, how glad He was to help those who needed help, how willing to hear every cry of the humble.

The Debtor.

(Annie R. Stillman, in the 'Outlook.')

The dearest of my friends to-day
Spoke wistfully: 'I have a friend,
Who, in more ways than I may tell,
  Hath served me well;
But he doth owe a debt he cannot pay;
  And there is none to lend.'

Eager, I cried: 'Thy friends are mine!
Speak but his name, ere time is lost.
What is his score? Whom doth he owe?
  My gold shall flow
To cease his care, whose care, O Lord, is thine;
  Nor will I grudge the cost.'

'And is thy love so great?' he sighed,
And turned from me, and, stooping, wrote—
As once of old—with kingly hand
  Upon the sand;
The while I waited, wondr'ing, full of pride,
  Impatient to devote.

At last he rose, and looked at me.
His eyes were flames that burned through tears,
'Who cancels this, serves me,' he said.
  I knelt and read—
For the last time—thy name, mine enemy,
  And that old wrong of years.

The Way of Peace.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke gives in what he calls the Foot-Path of Peace: 'To be glad of life, because it gives much chance to love and to work and to play, and to look up at the stars, to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations, rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit in God's outdoors—these are little guide-posts in the path of peace.'

If the Lord Should Come.

(Margaret E. Sangster.)

If the Lord should come in the morning
  As I went about my work,
The little things and the quiet things
  That a servant can not shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,
  And only the dear Lord cares
That they always are done in the light of the sun,
  Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday,
  The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white, and the air is still,
  And the hoof-beats sound in the street;
If my dear Lord came at noonday,
  And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet his look to meet?
  Would he take me by surprise?

If my Lord came hither at evening,
  In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
  Of daylight like a husk,
And flowers in wonderful beauty,
  And we fold our hands and rest,
Would his touch of my hand, his low command,
  Bring me unhoped for zest?

Why do I ask and question?
  He is ever coming to me,
Morning and noon and evening,
  If I have but eyes to see;
And the daily load grows lighter,
  The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here,
  I have only to sit at his feet.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Aaron Brigham had been an intensely interested spectator at the afternoon's proceedings, but there was quite a shadow on his dear old face as he retired from the spot, and his white head was bowed as if the heart within him had been made sad. He was overtaken by Mr. Norwood Hayes.

'Well, Aaron,' said he, 'this is a good day for Netherborough, isn't it?'

'Why,' said the old man, speaking slowly and thoughtfully, 'I isn't so sure about it, as I was a bit since. I'se a good deal trubbled in my mind. Don't yo' think it was a bit heathenish, all that? Was there none o' yo' that felt like askin' God's blessin' on it? Didn't you nivver read aboot the man that put his money in a bag full of holes? I did think o' puttin' a bit o' money into the railway myself. I hevn't much, as you know; but there's a lahtle lassie that I'se varry fond of, an' I thowt it might help her some day. But if God has nowt to do with it, it's a bad investment, an' it won't do neither for Kitty nor me.'

'Why, you see, Aaron,' said Mr. Hayes, with a little laugh, though as a Christian and a deacon he felt a little bit uncomfortable. 'A railway isn't exactly a religious thing, and—'

'Then it's an irreligious thing, an' neither you nor me has ony business with it. The devil nivver hit on a cleverer device than when he got folks to call some things "worldly things," an' other things religious. Why, the very world itself is the temple o' God, isn't it? An' there's nowt that owt to be goin' on it that isn't accordingly. I teks my hymn-book when I go to chapel; and I teks my spade when I go to work i' my garden; an' I try to praise God wi' both of 'em; and I don't see that one of 'em's more religious than t'other. If it's right to have a railway, it's right that God should hev a hand in it; His blessing will be like the wind in the mill-saids yonder—just the thing to make it go.'

'Well, well, no doubt you're right,' said Deacon Hayes, 'but—'

'Aye, aye, that's just it,' said Aaron, striking his stick upon the ground; 'it's right, but an' the enemy o' souls sprinkles them "buts" so thickly that the "right" is smothered out o' life like thin corn in a bed o' couch-grass. O, Mr. Hayes, when will folks, an' specially religious folk, do what's right an' stick to it, an' leave the devil to use all the "buts" hisself.'

'Still, you will own that it's a good day for Netherborough?'

'I'se not so sure on it,' said the straightforward old puritan. 'You've not been content wi' leaving God oot o' the day's proceedings, but you've ta'en a bit o' special trubble to bring the devil into 'em.'

'What do you mean, Aaron?'

The old man stood still, laid his wrinkled hand on the arm of his companion, and said,

'Mr. Hayes, what is the one great curse of Netherborough? What is it that has made this little market-toon notorious, all the way to York on one side and all the way to Hull on t'other.'

'Why, intemperance, I'm sorry to say,' was the reply. 'There's no denying that.'

'An' yet on this good day for Netherborough, as you call it, you've arranged for more than a hundred and twenty of your toonsmen to eat an' drink till midnight or the small hours of the mornin'; an' you can mention the names of as many of 'em as will take twice across your ten fingers to tick 'em off who are sure to croon the festive gatherin' by being carried home dead drunk! Worst than that, you've rolled whole hogsheads of strong ale on to the Green yonder for free consumption, an' before nine o'clock to-night scores of men an' lads an' women an' lasses will be reeling drunk or lying daft and senseless about the streets. That an' worse things that I won't mention are to the crownin' glory of this good day for Netherborough, and what the newspapers will call the festivities of the occasion! An' a clergyman and a deacon are to the front of it all. You've kept God oot, an' you've brought the devil in, and I don't envy you your pillow, Mr. Hayes.'

It was a strong talk, and, for old Aaron Brigham, a very long one; but this Christian of strong moral fibre and old-fashioned strictness of principle, was angry and indignant, and was filled with sorrow as he thought upon the scenes on which the pallid moon would look down on the midnight of that memorable day.

Mr. Norwood Hayes, good man, did not feel much like talking just then, which was much to his credit, for he could not in his conscience deny the truth of the allegations, and he was too manly a man to make light of what the old patriarch felt so keenly. Just as they were turning out of the Town-close towards the Green, the bonnie-faced, ill-clad, little mite whom old Aaron had lifted into his arms on Sunday morning, came shyly up to them, and looking askance at Mr. Hayes, as though she feared to intrude, placed her rough, red little fingers in the old man's hand, then looked him in the face with, oh, such an anxious look, and said,

'Ha' yo' seen anythin' o' feyther.'

'No, my dear,' said the old man, with a tender cadence in his voice, 'not this afternoon. I saw him this mornin' an',' said he, lowering his voice, 'he was all right then. I'll go an' look for him.'

But little Kitty shook her curly head, and turned to scan the pathway for any sign of the object of her search.

'Thenk you,' she said, sighing as she spoke, 'but nobody'll do but me. I want to tek' him home. He won't go wi' nobody else. Mebbe, he won't go wi' me to-day.'

No, little Kitty, not even for you will 'feyther' go home to-day, for is it not a 'good day for Netherborough?' And are there not barrels of strong ale running, sparkling and free, on Netherborough Green? Old Aaron evidently felt the force of the little maiden's fear, for again he lifted her in his arms, and this time he whispered in her ear a few words, which had become familiar to the child from his lips.

'Jesus helps me, always will:
I will trust in Jesus still.'

'Noo, then,' continued the old man, still whispering, 'say it to me, Kitty, if yo' mean it.'

In a moment the child's red little lips were at his ear, and the gleam in her eyes told that she meant it, as she repeated the words,

'Jesus helps me, allus will:
I will trust in Jesus still.'

Then she waited with her ear attent for the words she knew were coming. And they came, a precious message from the orphan's Helper, by the mouth of His servant, Aaron Brigham,—and, whispered as the aged lover whispered them, there was the voice of the gentle Jesus in every word.

'Tell my darling little Kitty
All my love and all my pity,
Help her? Yes, I always will,
Kitty, darling, trust me still.'

Before Kitty Smart was released from the old man's arms, the little private service being over, Mr. Norwood Hayes had passed on, wondering at Aaron's familiarity with such a forlorn little waif. Not that he would not have been glad to show favor to the poorest, for he was kind-hearted and sympathetic, and had even an open hand. But what he saw between these two was love. A love which gleamed in the eyes, sounded in the tones of their voice, and made his own eyes glisten, though he was a mere looker on. Suddenly he heard a child's voice crying out loudly,

'Feyther! Feyther! Stop. Ah want yo'!'

Mr. Hayes turned to look, and this is what he saw. Aaron Brigham's 'lahtle lassie' was running along the road towards the Green, calling 'Feyther!' In the distance was Tommy Smart, making his way with eager step towards the beef and beer—especially the beer. For a while he did not hear, and still held on his way towards the goal of his desires.

Poor little Kitty was growing breathless in the chase. 'Feyther!' she cried in a louder key. Smart turned round at once, and Kitty stopped, not willing to go further than was necessary from her dear old friend behind her. Tom Smart approached her with a smile, for he loved his 'lahtle wench' as he called her; as she came nearer his brow clouded, for he feared her; she was the only being on God's earth who had any control of him.

Just then the thought of the strong ale on the Green came to him; the laughter of the roysterers who were already enjoying what was as free to him as them fell upon his ears. He stood still. Kitty walked forward to meet him, and then her feyther, rather than face her, rather than dare to gaze into her sweet, but tear-dimmed and reproachful eyes, and rather than be deprived of all that free beer, suddenly turned round without a word, dived down a narrow passage, and Mr. Norwood Hayes heard the sound of his retreating feet as he left his 'lahtle wench' standing in the road, and ran away like a truant who, if caught, must go to school. Can anything in the world but drink make a man such a coward, and at the same time such a cruel crusher of the loves and hearts of those who are nearest and dearest to him?

When Old Aaron overtook his little friend, they went together through the town and along the Southgate all the way to Kitty's 'home.' And all the way the child wept in silence, unbroken but by sobs which shook her shoulders in their strength. She would fain have spoken, but grief choked her; and it was only after they had got indoors that she was able to say, and then only in speech broken into syllables by sobs:

'Feyther ran away fre' me. Ah don't think he'll tek notice o' me ony mair.'

Then looking at the 'childer,' as she called them, and thinking of what the loss of her little authority over 'feyther' meant in the way of loss of bread, the 'wee white slave' rushed to the old man, buried her head upon his knees, and wept such tears as, when they come from children's eyes, are blood and water, like that which came from Christ's pierced heart. From Christ's pierced heart such tears do come, and so sure 'as ye do it to these little ones, ye do it unto Me.' Of all the crucifiers of Jesus, surely the most cruel and malignant is strong drink—that 'good creature' whom Christians not only tolerate, but patronize and enjoy!

As soon as Aaron Brigham had succeeded in drying the tears of his little friend, he left the house, promising to make it his special business to 'look efter feyther.' Poor old man. His heart was sad and sore as he made his way to the Green.

He paced the ground slowly, with eyes down looking, his hands behind his back, an' a look of deep trouble on his aged face. Poor little Kitty! That was the burden of his care. He was overtaken by Tommy Smart, who had only just come upon the ground after stealth-

lly following Kitty until he saw her safe indoors. He would dearly have liked to pass the old man in silence; but had he seen him earlier, he would have 'gone by another way,' that favorite route of cowards and wrong-doers.

'Tom!' said Aaron, as soon as he caught sight of him, 'If you've the heart of a man i' your breast, you'll go home to Kitty this minnit. If you don't, I think she'll cry her heart oot, poor bairn.'

Tommy Smart elected to take a bold style with the old man. 'Nonsense, Aaron. The lahtle wench is all right, only let her be. You an' me's a'most over late. You'l better stir your owd pins a bit. Them as gets on to'oot-side o' the crood, are allus t' worst off at times like these. I should like to get into the middle myself.'

'Aye, and as near the barrels as yo' can get, I'll warrant, you poor simpleton. Tom,' he continued seriously, 'they say that this is a good day for Netherborough, but it'll be a bad day for a good mony o' yo'. It is a bad day for thy pretty lassie. O Tom, Tom, thoo'lt be the death of her. She'll die of a heart-break! There's sin an 'trubble bein' sown to-day that'll bring a harvest o' shame an' sorrow that'll take mony a long year to reap. It's a parlous thing that such a day as this should end i' guzzling and wine-bibbing, and all that sort o' thing leads to. But I'm most trubbled aboot thoo, Tom, not only for thy own, but for Kitty's sake.'

At this point Aaron laid his hand on Tom's arm. The thirsty soul was starting off, anxious to get out of the old man's reach, and to get, as he said, 'in the swim.'

'Tom,' said Aaron Brigham, 'go wi' me; go home wi' me to my house. I'll give you as good a meal o' meat, an' as good a cup o' tea, as yo' ever had i' all your life; an' I'll put something into a basket for yo' to carry home to Kitty and the childer.' But Tom was not to be bribed off the Green at any price that honest Aaron could afford to pay.

'No, thenk yo', Aaron, not for me,' he answered lightly. 'I'se vary much obliged to yo', I'se sure; but it isn't good enough. It's seldom that a poor fellow like me hez sitch a chance o' getting a big drunk on sitch stingo stuff, an' all for nowt, an' I shan't miss it. There's plenty o' bread an' beef there, if I happen to be hungry; an' there's butts an' hogsheads an' gallons of Carter's treble X waiting to be drunk, an' I'll ha' my full share on it, whativer fool turns his back on it. Good neet.'

So saying, the poor droughty victim of the drink thirst hastened on.

(To be Continued.)

A Lincoln Motto.

It is not very well known that in the hall of one of the great colleges of England there hangs a frame inclosing a few sentences, of which Abraham Lincoln is the author.

Here is a paragraph which he made a rule of his conduct:

'I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.'

Taking the Flavor Out.

When Cousin Juliet went to spend the winter with the Burtons the young people of Canterbury welcomed her with double cordiality, half upon the Burton's account and half upon her own. Juliet was pretty and clever and fond of gaiety, and at first was extremely popular. As the months passed a change began to be noticed in the way people spoke of her. One day a girl explained it in a sentence. 'Juliet Burton is pretty and bright, I know,' she said, 'but somehow she takes all the flavor out of things you have or do; you go away from a talk with her feeling poor.'

How did she do it? In such unconscious ways! When little Mrs. Bates, for instance, proud over her new achievement, showed her the first basket she had made, Juliet said that the 'lazy squaw' stitch was such a comfort because anybody could pick it up. Delicate Amy Eliot, who had been ordered to live in the open air as much as possible, began to study birds. One day Juliet told Amy that the cardinal was one of the commonest birds in that part of the country. She did not mean to be inconsiderate; she would have said that she was merely stating facts;—but there are so many different ways of stating facts!

'There's folks that are smart, and folks that are entertaining, and folks that are just as pretty to look at as pictures,' an old countryman once said, 'but give me every time the kind that heartens you up.' It is too good a word to grow old-fashioned; and happily the kind itself is never obsolete. If there are Juliets who dishearten—take the flavor out—there are always others whose lovely mission it is to dispel the creeping mists, and 'hearten us up.'—The 'Westminster.'

'Moseses Birfday.'

A prominent Southern statesman says that last summer he was making a horseback trip through the northern part of Alabama when he came upon a negro cabin, the sounds issuing from which gave evidence of an extraordinary commotion within. Shouts and yells of terror succeeded each other so rapidly that the traveller hastened to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

As the rider drew rein before the door half a dozen ragged pickaninnies ran out. All but one of them were screaming and crying at the tops of their voices, while the odd one, as merry as the others were sad, began tumbling cartwheels and standing on his head. At this moment a man, evidently the head of the household, appeared in the doorway. In answer to the traveller's inquiries the darky vouchsafed the following explanation of the mystery:

'Yo' see, Sah, dis is Moseses birfday,' indicating the pickaninny whose joyful antics have been referred to. 'Now I'se powerful hard up jes' at present, an' ain't got no money to celebrate. An' it jes' bruk me all up to see de res' habin' jes' as much run on Moseses birfday as Moses was hubbin' hisself. Times bein' hard, de only thing I could see was to give all de res' a lickin', an' dat kinder raises Moses up over de others.'—New York 'Times.'

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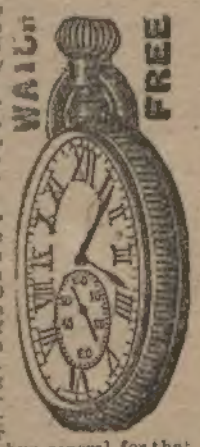

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The Royal Way.

(Mabel Earle, in 'The New Guide.')

Dear laughing eyes, I will not pray
That God shall never send you tears;
That cloudless sunshine, day by day,
Shall brighten all your coming years.
I pray that still through cloud and rain
Your inner depths may hold their light,
And under happiness or pain
You find the Father's meaning bright,
Reading in life's mingled good
Your title of high womanhood.

Dear girlish hands, I will not choose
The softest, daintiest tasks for you;
God send you strength to give and use!
God send His work for you to do!
The sacred ministry to need,
The round of household toil and care,
The binding up of hearts that bleed,
The girding up of hearts that dare—
The labor of love's law, made good
In royal years of womanhood.

Dear dancing feet, I would not make
Your path all smooth from thorn and brier;
The climbing road be yours to take,
The thorn-set splendid struggle higher.
God give you still life's springing zest,
Never content with what is past;
God grant you through earth's weariest
To walk undaunted to the last,
Climbing the steeps of hard-won good.
To heaven's height of womanhood.

Zora's Choice.

(Adele E. Thompson, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Does your head feel very badly, mamma?' Zora Bruce asked as she came into the darkened room, a cup of tea in her hand.

It had been a forlorn forenoon, with no mamma at either breakfast or luncheon, and now as Mrs. Bruce tried to lift her head from the pillow she sank back with a little groan. 'Yes, dear, I don't know when I have had such a headache. I'm afraid I shall have to stay in bed all day. But I finished your new pink dress yesterday, and Sarah can help you get ready to go to the concert in the park this afternoon.'

At that moment Mr. Bruce came in, his hat in his hand, ready to go back to the office.

'Now, Anna, I want you to be sure to keep quiet, and try and make your poor head better so you can drive with me out to the Carys' to-morrow.'

'I'm sorry, for I did want to go, but I shall have to give it up now.'

'Why?' he asked.

'Because to-morrow is Saturday, and the mending I had expected to do to-day I shall have to do then.'

'Oh, never mind that. It's partly a business trip, so I have to go to-morrow, and they will be disappointed if you are not with me. Let the mending go this week.'

Mamma smiled faintly, 'I'm afraid you don't know how fast holes comes in the children's stockings. Besides, Uncle John is going to take Rob and Harry home with him Monday, and their things must be ready then, so it can't be helped.'

Zora's face was very sober as she went to her own room and spread out the new pink dimity on the bed. For a little while she stood looking at it and smoothing down the dainty lace-trimmed ruffles. Then she shut the door behind her and slipped softly down to the sitting-room. There in one corner stood an empty rocker with the big mending-bag hanging on its back, and close behind it stood the basket-stand, with its burden of garments to be mended.

Again Zora stood while the struggle went on in her heart, for there were two ways she could spend the afternoon, and it was not one bit easy to decide which to choose. When she heard what mamma said about the mending the thought had come to her how fine it would be to do it, and give mamma the surprise of finding it all finished when she came down stairs. And Zora could sew nicely— no doll's clothes in the neighborhood were so well made; she had also taken sewing lessons at school, and she was sure she could do the mending. On the other hand was the concert in the park. All the week she had been plan-

ning to go; it was the first of the season, all the other girls were going, and besides the music there would be the swings, the pink lemonade, the frolics on the soft grass,—and the new pink dress to wear, she could not forget that—she must go.

Then her thought went to the pale face on the pillow, and she remembered all that mamma had done for her when she had been sick. The long ride into the country, too, how much she would enjoy it, and thinking of all this more and more Zora felt that she would be a very selfish little girl if she did not try to make it possible for her to go.

'This is what I choose,' she whispered to herself, as she took down the bag, hunted out a pet needle, a spool of darning-cotton, and sitting down in the chair threaded her needle, and with a resolute air began on her task.

The house was very still, the boys were spending the day with a cousin, Sarah, the maid, was in the kitchen, and Zora felt quite like a woman as she drew the first stocking over the mending-ball, though she could not help a sigh as she saw the hole Harry's sturdy little heel had worn. First Zora carefully drew the cotton back and forth over the hole, then over and under her needle slipped, over and under, till it had all been filled. Another and another stocking followed, and Zora drew a long breath of relief, when finally she rolled the last pair and laid them beside those already done.

By this time her fingers were pretty tired, and the temptation was strong to leave the rest. 'But if mamma does it every week, I guess I can once,' she told herself as she changed to a sewing needle and took up Rob's blouse, with the sleeve partly torn out in a football game. The rip was not hard to mend, but there was her own skirt with the three-cornered tear where it had caught on the gate. Patching must come in, but the sewing teacher had given them a lesson on that, and in the bag she found some pieces like her skirt. At the same time before the patch was finished she had decided that she would try and be more careful not to tear her clothes, as mamma had so often urged her.

A very tired little girl was Zora when she had finished, with fingers that were pretty near to cramping, but her face was smiling as she tip-toed up to mamma's room.

'Why, dear, aren't you home early?' Mrs. Bruce asked. 'Haven't you had a pleasant afternoon?'

'Yes, a real pleasant afternoon,' answered Zora. 'And how is your headache?'

'I have had a nice sleep, and it is very much better.'

So much better was it that Mrs. Bruce came down to supper. When she went into the sitting-room she walked over to the basket-stand. 'I hoped to have had the mending done today,' she said with a little sigh. As she spoke her eye fell on the rolled-up stockings. 'Why, these are not as I left them. And—and,' looking the basket quickly over, 'the mending is done. Who has been here?

Zora was dancing up and down, her cheeks pink and eyes shining, 'I've been here, mamma. I did as well as I could, and now you can go with papa to-morrow.'

'Yes,' said papa, before mamma had time to speak, 'now you can go with me. And I think we can make room in the carriage for our little mending-girl.'

The Poor Woman and the Emperor.

I want to tell you about Justinian, a Roman Emperor who reigned at Constantinople some time after the death of Constantine, and who was a very good man, and in some respects a great man.

Constantine had built several Churches in the city to which he gave his name. Before he died he built a very beautiful one of marble, with a dome covered with brass without and adorned with gold inside. This church he dedicated to the twelve Apostles. Here he made preparations to be buried, and arranged a resting-place for his body within twelve other tombs, six on each side of the sepulchre he intended for himself. These twelve tombs were meant to be memorials of the apostles. We must not think that it was a piece of vanity for the Emperor to put himself, even in death, among the great founders, under Christ, of the Christian Church. It was natural for him to love the company of holy people, and to wish that his last resting-place should be in the midst of things that represented to the mind those twelve holy men. It seemed as if he only meant to express in act what the 'Te Deum' says in words: 'Make us to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.

In the reign of Justinian, Constantinople was swept with fire, and several churches built by Constantine were destroyed. So the Emperor determined to build a church far larger and more glorious than those which had been burnt down. He accordingly called for the best architects and builders of Asia, and consulted them about his plans. He arranged with them to build a most magnificent church, and when it was built he dedicated it to Santa Sophia—Sacred Wisdom, i.e., the wisdom of God. It was a very wonderful building, and the largest church in the world. Marbles of all colors were brought from almost all parts of the earth to beautify it, and it had a dome vaster than any building had ever had before. Gold, silver and mosaics ornamented its walls. At night it was lit up by thousands of lamps, so that sailors on the sea that washes the walls of Constantinople used to steer their ships by it, as by a lighthouse.

Justinian was very much lifted up with pride when he had finished this building. He went into it and cried aloud, 'Solomon, I have excelled thee!' because it seemed to him to be much finer than Solomon's temple. Then he caused his name to be written in large letters on a certain part of the walls.

The great day when the church was to be dedicated came near. And here I must tell you a legend concerning Justinian's pride. When he came among his governors, generals, courtiers, and servants into Santa Sophia, he saw that his own name had been wiped out from the wall, and a woman's name written there instead.

At the conclusion of the service he asked the greatest man of his household who that woman could be, who was of such high rank as to have her name written in Santa Sophia instead of the Emperor's. The person he ask-

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The time has arrived when subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' whose subscriptions terminate January 31st, should send their remittance.

For new introductions the 'Northern Messenger' depends upon the kind efforts of its friends who have given their hearty co-operation in the past. We will look for your renewal in good time this year, and would greatly appreciate the addition of a list of new subscriptions at the same time.

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ed shook his head and said he knew no lady of the name written on the wall.

After a great search in the city news was brought to Justinian that the woman had been found. The Emperor accordingly went out with a band of courtiers and followed the guide into the lowest part of the city, and going down a steep road he reached a mean cottage. As he entered the doorway he found himself in the presence of an old woman, dressed in little more than rags. The Emperor was amazed, almost angry.

'What have you done to help the building of my great church of Santa Sophia?' he asked, haughtily.

'Very little,' she answered, quietly, and did not seem a bit frightened of the Emperor; 'very little, but the best I could. When the mules were dragging the heavy slabs of marble for the church up the steep road yonder I saw that they often slipped, and I feared that the marble might be broken.' I therefore took the straw bed on which I slept and scattered the straw on the road to give them a footnold, so that they slipped no more.'

I dare say Justinian, who was a faithful Christian, learned a lesson from this old woman. That lesson was that no true service is without self-denial. She had probably denied herself more, by sacrificing ease, perhaps sleep, for the sake of God's house, than the Emperor, who owned the whole world and could give without feeling it.—'The Churchman.'

The Way That Was Dark.

(Ida T. Thurston, in the 'Wellspring.')

Richard Wilbur locked his desk, looked again at the safe to be sure that it was all right, then put his coat and hat and left the office, locking the door behind him. Outside, the chill wind made him shiver, and he stopped and turned up the collar of his old overcoat and buttoned it closely. Then he set off rapidly on the long walk before him. It seemed very long this cold November night, for he had had an especially hard day at the office, and he was very tired, and—yes, there was no denying it—he was disheartened and discouraged. Usually he was brave and hopeful, but to-night he could see nothing before him but years of just such hard work with small chance of promotion, and he had a mother and sister dependent upon him. The future looked as dark and gloomy as the clouded November sky above his head.

He turned a corner and stopped before the bulletin board of a newspaper office; it cost less to get the news so than to buy a paper. Swiftly his eyes swept over the roughly-chalked items to the last. As he read that, he leaned forward eagerly and his eyes began to shine, while a flush crept into his cheeks. Twice he read it before he hurried on, his head lifted, and his step quick and firm. The way did not seem long now, for his thoughts were busy with new hopes and plans.

They were waiting for him in the little home—his old mother and his crippled sister. The hot supper was soon on the table, and as they sat down to it, the young fellow told his news.

Markham was dead—Markham of the Mutual Insurance Company. He had died very suddenly, and there would be a vacancy in the office. The young fellow pushed aside his plate—he was too excited to eat.

'It's the place I've been hoping to get, mother!' he exclaimed. 'You remember, I had a talk with Tom Brandt about it a year or more ago, and he said then that Markham wasn't well, and talked of resigning, and he promised to speak a word for me whenever Markham did leave. Oh, mother—think of it! The salary is two thousand—just double what I'm getting now, and it's the same kind of work I did at Gridley's—I know it like a book.' He pushed back his chair, and, springing up, began to pace the floor excitedly. 'And Uncle James is one of the directors, you know; he'll speak for me, don't you think he will, mother?'

There was anxiety in his mother's soft eyes as she watched him. 'I hope so—I don't see how he could refuse to do that much for you, Richard,' she answered; 'but, my boy, don't count on it. There are so many chances against your getting this place, and you are young, too, for such a responsible position!'

'Of course, I'm young, mother, but remember, I've had some experience. Oh, I know I can fill the place if only I can get the chance. I must go to see Uncle James and Cousin Tom right away. If I should wait until to-morrow, somebody might get in ahead of me.'

His mother checked a sigh; she must not discourage him. She drew his face down to hers and kissed him.

'God send you success—if it is best for you,' she whispered tenderly.

'I do believe he will,' Richard answered with reverent earnestness. 'I've done my best at Johnson's, mother, but it's awful drudgery there, and you don't know how I hate it.'

The door slammed behind him, and the two women looked at each other.

'He didn't eat half a dozen mouthfuls,' his sister said.

'No, he was too excited,' her mother replied.

'Oh, mother,' the girl went on eagerly, 'do you think he'll get the place?'

'I hope so, dear—it seems as if he had a good chance, but as I told him—don't count on it.'

Yet they could talk of nothing else. Their thoughts followed Richard as he hurried through the dark, wind-blown streets, building his hopeful air castles. But if he should be disappointed—how would he bear it! They watched the clock with anxious eyes. Would he be back in an hour—in two hours—or more?

When at last they heard his key in the door they were afraid to look into his face, but when they did look, one glance was enough. His shining eyes and flushed cheeks did not mean disappointment.

'I guess it's a sure thing, mother!' he cried, exultantly. 'I went first to Cousin Tom, and he was just as kind as anybody could be. He said that I am the very one for the place, and he's going to speak to Mr. Howe—he's the president, you know—he's going to speak to him for me, the first thing in the morning, and I'm to go to see Mr. Howe myself in the afternoon. I couldn't see Uncle James; he is out of town, but he'll be back in a day or two. Oh, mother, won't it be fine to have two thousand a year! That means a better house than this, and that new treatment for Nellie. I'm so happy, mother. I'm afraid I shan't sleep a wink to-night. I shall have to lie awake to rejoice!'

'I'm glad Cousin Tom was so kind about it,' the mother said, thoughtfully. There had been times when Cousin Tom had not been so kind as he might have been.

A PLEASING MONOTONY

We are used to hearing people talk of 'a pleasing variety,' but there is such a thing as 'a pleasing monotony' too. When a shopkeeper finds his customers coming back to praise his goods and to buy more, he does not mind how many of them say: 'They are just splendid.' 'Best I've ever seen,' or something of that sort. He thinks the more the merrier. You would not find such monotony tiresome at all, would you?

That's how we feel about our 'Pictorial' Boys' Mail. The letters may make somewhat monotonous reading; indeed, if we printed a lot of fresh ones to-day, you probably would have to turn up an old paper to be sure they were from different boys; but it's a kind of monotony we are well pleased with. We can stand lots more, and we invite every young reader of this advertisement to send for a package of 'Pictorials' to sell for premiums, that they, too, may write just such letters, and join in the same refrain.

The Christmas Number was a great seller, and the January Number will even surpass that—same three colored inks used—same extra size—a special cover that is even more charming than the Christmas cover—altogether it will be the very best yet—and that is saying a good deal. It will be very popular as a New Year's card—so easy to send to friends far away—so interesting when it reaches them. Many families will buy three or four to send away, and our young agents can dispose of a large number of them for this purpose alone.

Send in your order at once, as the January issue will be ready by the time your order reaches us, and the sooner you get it the sooner you sell.

Cash in advance at the rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premiums by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once, just as soon as you remit for the first. and send your knife or watch or pen just as soon as you have earned it.

You sell twelve for a knife, eighteen for a pen, twenty-four for a watch.

Orders promptly filled. Full instructions given.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Sales Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

'He couldn't have been kinder—I'll never forget it!' Richard declared, gratefully.

At the office the next morning, his work seemed harder and more distasteful than ever, but Richard did it faithfully. In the afternoon he got leave for a couple of hours, and went to see Mr. Howe. Mr. Howe received him very kindly.

'Mr. Brandt spoke to me about this, this morning,' he said. 'He tells me that you have had some experience in our line of insurance.'

Richard bowed; his heart was pounding away at such a rate that speech was difficult just then.

Mr. Howe looked at him curiously, then leaning back in his chair and bringing the fingers of his two hands together, he suggested a somewhat unusual insurance case.

'Now, what would you do in a case like that?' he inquired.

From the desk beside which he was sitting, Richard took a sheet of paper and a pen, and wrote out a clear, concise answer to the question. Without a word, he handed the sheet to the president.

Mr. Howe read it over carefully, then glanced with a new interest at the young man.

'Where did you learn so much about this kind of business?' he inquired.

'I was with Hart and Bicklow for two years,' Richard returned, quietly.

'Ah, that explains it. And why did you leave Hart and Bicklow?'

'Because Mr. Hart wanted my place for his son,' was the reply.

'Well, now,' Mr. Howe laid aside the sheet and held out his hand with a cordial smile, 'I believe you are just the man we want. No better statement than that could have been written. You may expect to hear from us tomorrow,' and with a few more friendly words he dismissed the young man.

Richard went home jubilant that night. Life did not look hopeless and dreary now—fair visions of the days to come filled all his thoughts. He carried home some fruit and nuts, and the three had a joyous little festival of hope and gratitude.

All the next day Richard waited impatiently for the letter from Mr. Howe, and the noon hour he spent in putting his desk in order for his successor. Of course he would have to give a week's notice to his present employer, but there would be no difficulty in finding some one to take his place—there were always applicants for any place. The letter came by the last mail. He was alone in the office when it came, and as he tore open the envelope he was thinking of the notice that he would give to Mr. Johnson in the morning.

As his eyes flashed over the brief note, he turned suddenly white and sank into a chair. It couldn't be—there must be some dreadful mistake. It would be too cruel to lose it when they had as good as promised him the place. But no, he knew too well that it was true, as he read the words again. Mr. Howe was very sorry, but they had decided to give the appointment to a son of one of the directors. He would bear in mind Mr. Wilbur's application, and should there be another vacancy, his name would be considered.

When Richard went home that night, it was raining, and he was glad of it. There was nothing bright in the world, he thought. Hadn't he worked faithfully, denying himself, and caring for others? Hadn't he done his very best in every way? Other fellows who didn't try half as hard as he, had better positions. What was the use of trying? His mother would say, 'Trust in the Lord.' Well, hadn't he trusted in him? Hadn't he prayed with all his soul for this place—the place that he knew he was just fitted for?

The two, waiting for him in the little home, needed to ask no question—his face told the tidings before he laid the brief note in his mother's hand.

So Richard Wilbur did not give up his place at Johnson's the next day, nor for many days. After a little, though, he got over the bitterness of his disappointment, and caught back his faith and courage. To be sure God had sent him this great trial, but perhaps he had something just as good in store for him.

A few weeks later, a banker rented the ground floor of the building where Johnson's office was. The banker was interested in young men—in one way and another he had had much to do with them. It was not long before he noticed this young fellow who was the first to come and the last to leave. He noticed various things about him, among them, the fact that quite often a bright-faced boy waited about the door to walk home with Richard Wilbur. After a while, he made some inquiries at Johnson's—when Richard was out on an errand—and then one day, he called the young man into the bank.

'I'm looking for an office boy,' he explained, 'and I thought that you might possibly happen to know of some one that you can recommend. I want a boy who is honest and faithful, and not lazy. Do you know any such boy?'

Richard's answer was prompt. 'Yes, sir. I have a boy in my Sunday school class that I think would suit you.'

'Send him to me, and I'll give him a trial,' the banker replied.

The boy came. The banker recognized him as the one who had so often waited for Rich-

ard Wilbur at night. He proved to be honest, faithful, and ready to work. Through him the banker learned some other things about Richard Wilbur, and he gave the young man some evening work that paid him well. The banker was pleased with the way the work was done, and he continued to keep watch of this grave-faced young man.

Then at last the way was opened for Richard Wilbur. The banker was taken ill, and while he was still confined to his house, his partner suddenly died. The banker had not studied Richard Wilbur for nothing—in this emergency he sent for him.

'Wilbur,' he said gravely, 'there is a matter of business involving something like fifty thousand dollars, and I must have a man whom I can trust implicitly to attend to it. I am not a Christian myself, but you are one, and I believe that I can trust you. Will you undertake this for me?' He briefly explained the nature of the business.

For a moment Richard Wilbur could not speak, so great was his surprise at such a request. Then he stammered breathlessly:—

'But—but I've never done anything of that kind. How do you dare to trust me:'

'I'm not afraid to trust you, if you will undertake the work,' the banker returned.

Wilbur drew a long breath and his eyes were glowing.

'I'll do the best I can, sir,' he said simply.

He carried the business through successfully, and that was the end of his office work at Johnson's. The banker wanted all his time after that. Before a year was ended, he was receiving a salary of two thousand dollars and earning it, too. More and more the banker depended upon him, and at last Richard Wilbur became a partner in the bank that had a business amounting to many millions a year. To-day as he looks back to that bitter disappointment, Richard Wilbur says, solemnly:—

'I see now that Gow's hand was in it, and for my good. If I had secured that place that I so much wanted, I should probably have stayed right there all my life. God had better things in store for me.'

Cheerfulness.

(Anna R. Henderson, in Leslie's Weekly.')

As bright as are sun rays through cloud rifts,
  As welcome as flowers in May,
As fair as a clear, golden sunset
  At the close of a dark, rainy day.
Unto hearts that are fainting and weary,
  Unto feet that are slow in life's race,
Are the words of a glad, cheerful spirit,
  Or the smiles of a bright, cheerful face.

Then speak not the words of repining,
  Though oft to the lips they arise;
Proclaim that the sun is still shining,
  When his light is not seen in our skies.
To your own heart and other hearts round you
  Keep singing a joyful refrain,
For the sweetest of songs that e'er found you
  Was the bird song you heard through the rain.

Ah, the long, dusty highway grows weary
  To thousands of worn, marching feet,
But they change to the steps of the victor,
  When music comes down the long street.
Fling out, then, the spirit's own music,
  To comfort, to lift, and to bless,
And march to the jubilant measures
  Of the chorus of cheerfulness.

Waste of Time.

To waste time is worse than wasting money. You may have more money than you can spend, but you can never have too much time; and if you waste a dollar you may make it up by economy or a lucky stroke, but an hour wasted is gone forever.

'Time goes on, a file that wears and makes no noise. Time is ne'er overtaken,' says the old Scotch proverb. How little we value it! To the young it is often their only wealth, yet what a rich store it is! How many old and middle-aged people would give anything for a return of only a few of their wasted years. As King Richard II. said, 'I wasted time, and time doth now waste me.'

It is too true of many of us that we take no heed of time but from 'its loss.' We merely shuffle through the world, and at the end of our journey have little to show for our fleeting hours.

Economy of time develops so many delights, and gives so much freshness to life, that it is a shame to waste it.—Selected.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Quite a Man.

(H. A. F., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

Georgie and Floss were born in India, but as little children do not flourish in that hot country, they were sent to England to be brought up by their grandmother.

Georgie came first, and when he had been just two years at Moor Hall there came a letter to say, 'We are sending little Floss home,' (People always call England home wherever they may live.) 'We grieve to part with our darling, but Georgie must take care of her; he must be quite a man now!'

'GIVE ME YOUR BALL.'

These words were read to Georgie. He was six, and wearing out his second knickerbocker suit. He nodded his head in reply. 'Yes, I am quite a man,' he said. They can send Floss to me; I'll take care of her.'

Granny laughed at this, but Nurse didn't laugh when Georgie utterly refused that evening to put on his pinafore for tea. 'Men don't want pinafores,' he said. And so there came two ugly stains on his nice blue blouse, a long stain of milk and a round blob stain of jam.

Next day Miss Palmer, the daily governess, complained that Georgie was very untidy about the legs, his stockings all loose, and she was ashamed to take him out walking. But Georgie protested it was 'All right; come along.' And then a piece of string hanging down Georgie's back told a tale. He had thrown his garters under the bed, and tied his knickerbockers up with string.

'It's a cricketing belt like all men wear,' he declared when Nurse found him out; 'do let me alone, Nurse.'

The little lad was in a terrible hurry to be a man, you see.

He explained it all to Floss when that little fuzzy-headed sister arrived. 'I'm to take care of you,' he said. 'I'm older than you, a heap older.'

'Yes,' said Floss; 'give me your ball.'

But Georgie did not consider it a man's business to give up to a girl, so he put the ball safe behind his back, and Floss stuck her finger in her mouth and wondered.

Real big men generally gave her what she asked for, she thought in her little soul.

And so the days went on. Floss was a dear little girl, obedient and gentle when alone, but somehow since she came there was always trouble in the nursery.

'It's all along of Master Georgie trying to be a man,' Nurse said to Mrs. Desmond, his grandmother.

It was of no use talking to Georgie. Father had written in a letter that he must be a man, and a man he would be, not a baby any more.

So he ran away out walking, and refused to go to bed, would not be washed by nurse, and altogether behaved like a very foolish little boy while thinking he was a man.

'I shall have to complain of him to his father,' said poor, troubled Granny, 'for he takes no notice of what I say,' and then she sighed.

Georgie heard the sigh, but his round face only looked hard and cross. They ought to let him be a man and do as he chose, and then it would be all right. Didn't he lead Floss quite safe across the broken bridge that morning? What did Nurse make such a fuss for, and say he'd kill his little sister before he'd done?

'I'll wait one mail more,' said Granny. 'I don't want to tell tales of the little lad, but he is troublesome now.'

Georgie did happen to be more manageable for the next three days, and Granny thought it quite a nice reward for him, when he and Floss were asked to a children's party at the Manor. But, after all, they nearly did not go, for Nurse fell ill, and who was to take them to the house?

'I'll take care of Floss,' said

Georgie; 'we can't come to any harm in the close carriage.'

This was pretty true. John, the coachman, was instructed to look well after the little people inside, and off they started in high glee, Georgie in his best white suit, Floss also in white, with white satin shoes.

'There'll be a grand moon to come home by,' said John, reassuringly.

It was a delightful party, the only horrid part was leaving it to go home. Georgie felt he could have begun the evening over again, but Floss was tired and sleepy, and though John did touch his hat to Georgie as if he was a grown man, he said pretty firmly, 'Now come along, sir. I can't have my horses kept waiting.'

And they had to go—so tiresome!

The moon was shining brightly now; even Floss woke up to look at the man in the moon. They were slowly climbing Ridge Hill. Georgie suddenly turned to his little sister with a queer smile.

'Look here, Floss!' The carriage door was open. 'I did it, but I didn't mean it,' he said. 'But do you know I think I'd better slip out, and walk up the hill to ease the horses. Uncle Jim always does that. See, it's quite easy!' And out slipped the little fellow, as he had watched his uncle do.

'Me, too!' cried Floss, eagerly.

'Hush! John will hear, and you can't do it; you'll tumble.'

'I shan't. I'll tumble into you, then.'

And Floss was as good as her word. Down slipped the little white figure out of the open door, over the step, into the roadway, just escaping the wheel.

'There, I did it!'

'You're naughty. Only men ought to do that,' said her brother. 'But, there, don't cry. Take my hand.'

And the two little white children trotted after the carriage. 'John doesn't know,' chuckled Georgie. 'Isn't it nice!' But Floss had trodden on a sharp stone, and it hurt the little foot in the satin shoe. She began to whimper.

'Be quiet, because of John,' said Georgie.

Floss swallowed a big sob.

'Come on quicker,' said Georgie. 'John's whipping up the horses; we'd better get in.'

But the carriage was close to the top of the hill, and in a minute, John, quite unawares of the children's proceedings, was driving at a quick pace downhill.

In vain Georgie shouted to him, only anxious now to make him hear; on and on he drove into the distance.

Here was a disastrous consequence of trying to be a man.

'What shall we do?' cried the little boy.

'I want to go to bed,' cried Floss, bursting into a real good 'Oh-h-h!'

Can any one imagine poor John's horror when arriving at home he found the carriage door open, and the children gone? Or Granny's despair when the news reached her? She, poor old lady, with a shawl over her head, insisted on being driven back along the moonlight road to find the bodies of her two darlings. But we are not so anxious, for we know they will be found alive, but very cold, tired, and unhappy.

It was Georgie's last attempt to be a man. He gave in entirely after this, cried on Granny's shoulder, and promised always to be a good boy and mind Nurse, and her, and Miss Palmer: 'Only please, please, please, not to grieve Father and Mother by telling them about this!'

And next day he wore his pinafore and his garters, and lent his ball to Floss.

Stories From the Tree Tops.

(Linnie Hawley Drake, in 'Child's Hour.')

Three little squirrels lived up in a tree—
Blinkie and Bright-eyes and By-baby-wee.
Their mother went down every day in the wood;
The last thing she said was: 'Now, children, be good;
Don't go out at all lest a great cat you see,
And be very gentle with By-baby-wee.'

Three little squirrels lived up in a tree,
And, oh, they were hungry as squirrels could be;
They had held in their paws every nut o'er and o'er;
They had nibbled and craunched—there was not a meat more—
Said Bright-eyes, 'I'm sure there's one under the tree.'
Said Blinkie, 'Let's scamper down quickly and see.'

One little squirrel lived up in a tree.
That one little squirrel was By-baby-wee,
For Blinkie and Bright Bright eyes went down to the ground;
Disobeyed their kind mother and never were found.
For when she came home there was By-baby-wee,
Just one little squirrel-baby safe in the tree!

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma.

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit; with cape and bonnet.
SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.
SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

DOLLS' PARTY COSTUME.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block,—Montreal.

Correspondence

T., Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from T., I thought I would write one. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth reader. We like our teacher very much.

T. is not a very large place, but it is quite pretty in the summer time. There are fine stores, three blacksmith shops, one carpenter shop, and two livery barns. The C.P.R. also passes through here. Here is a riddle: What is it that has four legs and feathers, and is neither beast nor bird.

MARJORIE McKENZIE (aged 12).

[Your other riddle has been given, Marjorie. —Ed.]

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Some time ago, 'A Well-wisher' asked this question: 'What is the longest feast spoken of in the Bible.' I have never seen an answer to it in the 'Messenger,' and would like to know if this answer is correct, 'A merry heart hath a continual feast.' Prov. xv., 15. The texts sent in by R. A. will be found in the following books of the Bible:

A.—Ask and it shall be given you. Luke xi., 9.

B.—Blessed are the pure in heart. Matt. v., 8.

C.—Charity suffereth long, and is kind. I. Cor. xiii., 4.

D.—Do all things without murmuring and disputing. Phil. ii., 14.

E.—Enter not into the path of the wicked. Prov. iv., 14.

F.—For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord. I. Thes. iii., 8.

G.—Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss. I. Thes. v., 26.

H.—Honor the Lord with thy substance. Prov. iii., 9.

I.—I am the good shepherd. John x., 14.

J.—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. Heb. xiii., 8.

K.—Kings of armies did flee apace. Ps. lxviii. 12.

L.—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii., 5.

M.—Marvel not my brethren, if the world hate you. I. John iii., 13.

N.—Nay, I had not known sin. Rom. vii., 7.

O.—Open rebuke is better than secret love. Prov. xxvii., 5.

P.—Paul purposed in the spirit. Acts xix. 21.

Q.—Quenched the violence of fire. Heb. xi., 34.

R.—Rejoice ye in that day. Luke vi., 23.

S.—Salvation is far from the wicked. Ps. cxix., 155.

T.—They fought from heaven. Judges v., 20.

U.—Unto you therefore which believe. He is precious. I. Pet. ii., 7.

V.—Vengeance belongeth unto me. Heb. x., 30.

W.—When the morning stars sang together. Job. xxxviii., 7.

X.—Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.—II. Cor. xiii., 5.

Y.—Young men likewise, exhort to be sober minded. Titus ii., 6.

Z.—Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea.—Gen. il., 13.

LLOYD MacHARDY.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE STORY.

At a large public house in Hereford, a young couple, with their child, were enjoying their mugs of beer at the bar.

The young man raised his mug to the child's lips, when an old tramp with a bloated face, rose from a corner of the room, and facing the young man said, in a tone of anger, 'I feel inclined to knock you down for letting that child drink from your mug.' The man spoken to, stared in astonishment, and replied, 'Why, what harm could that drop do?'

'Harm,' retorted the tramp, 'look at me in my rags, sold to the drink, all through the first sip, from my father's glass.'

No doubt the young man felt very angry at the tramp's interference with him, but if he only knew what harm he was doing, the mug of beer would not have been raised to the child's lips a second time.

ELSIE HOLDER, (England.)

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Duck.' Avard A. Wallace, R., Man.
2. 'Drum and Drum Sticks.' Nelson Ward (age 7), S., Ont.
3. 'Clock.' Ulrich G. Dawson, A.C., P.E.I.
4. 'Cheese Box.' Wallace McBain (age 8), A., Ont.
5. 'Baby Seagulls.' Edith Lambert (age 10), S. S. M., Ont.
6. 'Leaf.' William H. Jacob (age 10), S. R., Ont.
7. 'In the Good Old Summer Time.' Olive V. Haggerty (age 12), G., Ont.
8. 'Two Hens.' Hilda I. Wallace (age 11), R., Man.
9. 'The Village Church.' Vernie G. Shillington (age 13), E., Sask.

S. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am fond of reading the letters and trying to guess the riddles. I like looking at the drawings, which are very nice. I go to school every day. We have a lady teacher, and I like her very well. There are not very many going to our school now. I live in the country, just about six miles from our town. We live on a farm of 100 acres. We have five horses, two of them colts, which we call Bessie and Charlie. We milk four cows at present, and have a dog and three cats for pets. I call my cats Sandy, Sally and Topsy. The last is black and white. I have two miles to walk to our Sunday school. It is in a very nice white brick church that has a basement in it. I am taking music lessons. I have taken one quarter and five lessons already. We live in a large stone house, with a grape-vine crawling over it, and a cement sidewalk around it. I passed my school examination last mid-summer holidays, and now I am in the junior fourth class. I was 13 years old last August. Well, I will close now with some riddles: In my father's garden there is a well, and in that well there is a bell. If you don't know her name, it's yourself to blame, for I told you her name in the middle of the story. Second one is: Long-legged lofty walks up to the door very softly, more afraid of a cock and a hen than of a gun and twenty men. Third one is: Higher than a house, higher than a tree, O whatever can that be.

AMY W.

[One of your answers was right, Amy, but the other was wrong.—Ed.]

OTHER LETTERS.

M. E. C., St. M., Ont., answers two riddles, the answers of which have been since printed, and sends in this: Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?

Harry A. Robinson, T. R., Que., thinks that 'even if Elsie Lashley isn't an acrobat, of course she can jump over her boots.' So Elsie's riddle is guessed. Harry asks: 'Why didn't Moses take mustard into the ark?' The other answer you sent was wrong, Harry.

Marjorie Benson, A., Assa., is a new member of our circle. She says that a man is 'behind the time' when he stands behind the clock.

Here is another Marjorie, this time from Ontario. Marjorie Weaver says she is too far away to go to school, so her mother teaches her. Here are two riddles she sends in: 1. Why is a naughty boy like an old chair? 2. On which tree has fire no effect?

G. M., G. B., Ont., sends in two riddles: 1. What sort of stones do we find in Lake Huron? 2. Why is a horse a curious feeder.

E. M., G. B., Ont., answers Snowflake's riddle—Tulips,—and sends in three riddles, of which we think this has not been given: Why is a baby like wheat?

Roy McGregor, B., Ont., has five guinea pigs, and he says they are great pets.

Muriel Nichols, W., Ont., says she has to stay home from school all winter on account of her health, and she sometimes gets very lonely. She wonders if any little girls could suggest something for her to do to amuse herself. That would be a good idea. Muriel is nine, and there may be many girls and boys who have been sick and found something worth doing. Write and tell us what you did.

Willie Halpenny, T., Ont., is only nine years old, but he has three brothers and one sister younger than himself. No wonder that, as he says, they 'have great fun in the snow.'

Bertha Telford, M., Que., asks which man in the army wears the biggest hat?

Maggie Baragar, F., Ont., sends in two riddles, but they have been asked before.

Annie Bears, S., N.S., sends in several riddles, but they have been given before, with the exception of one which we think is not quite correct.

Nellie Rogers, C., Ont., also sends in some riddles that have already been given.

An older correspondent sends in this question for the children to try: What three words can you make out of 'Presbyterian,' describing what a Presbyterian should be, by using all the letters only once, and no other letters.

Morton MacMichael, H., N.B., answers three riddles correctly, and sends in this: What word is that from which you can take away the whole and still have some left? We will keep your poem for next Christmas, Morton.

Fredrick Ralph Burford writes from C. P., Ont. Your riddles have been asked Fredrick, and we will keep your poem for next Christmas.

Rachel Kelly, S., Mich., answers Nellie Gidley's riddle, of which the answer was given last week.

Lizzie Nickerson, W. H., N.S., is one of six sisters. They have a library in their school, and Lizzie seems to know good books to read.

We have also received short letters from Cora Day, E., Ont.; Valeria A., T., Ont.; Everett N. Montague, C. J., Mass.; and Mary A. Best, A., Assa.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 20, 1907.

Man's Sin and God's Promise

Genesis iii., 1-6; 13-15.

Golden Text.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—I. Cor. xv., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 14.—Gen. iii., 1-24.
Tuesday, Jan. 15.—Ps. cxxxix., 1-18.
Wednesday, Jan. 16.—Rom. v., 1-21.
Thursday, Jan. 17.—Rom. vi., 1-23.
Friday, Jan. 18.—Rom. vii., 1-25.
Saturday, Jan. 19.—I. John i., 1-2; vi.
Sunday, Jan. 20.—Rev. xx., 1-15.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Genesis 'Third' is a target fairly shot through, not only with the darts of a vulgar infidelity, but the well-aimed arrows of a scholarly criticism. But, after all, the chapter is unharmed. It stands alone in literature. It is helpful toward the solution of an occult problem—the origin of evil. By some it is accepted as literal history; by others as a vivid pictorial and poetical description of man's early struggle with evil.

Under either interpretation, Adam and Eve are represented as nobly endowed. They had a happy environment, and were under the direct and daily tutelage of their Maker. But they were on probation. In Eden the problem was solving whether they would persist in choosing to obey God or not. A test was simple, but adequate, and exactly suited to their estate. Of the fruit of one attractive and conspicuously-located tree they were forbidden. The prohibition was so explicit, peremptory, and oft-repeated, that inadvertence was out of the question. 'Thou shalt not!' was fairly written upon the leaves of the tree. Persistent abstinence was a visible and potent sign to God and angels, good and evil, of their conscious and voluntary loyalty to God. Under this Adamic covenant God stood ready for His part to supply grace sufficient; but Adam, on his side, must choose to keep obeying God.

We have no means of knowing how long the happy Eden life continued. The true idea of Adam's state is probably that which places him midway between the savage and the sage. He was a laborer, but suffered not the excessive weariness and vexation incident to labor now. He was busy getting 'dominion,' subduing the triple kingdoms—earth, air, water; vegetable, animal, mineral. In the evening hour, when activities cease and the human heart is ever most impressible, he enjoyed immediate communion with His Creator, who corrected his mistakes and inspired him with new courage.

At length, at some period when man's tutelage was far enough advanced to make his chances for enduring the ordeal most favorable, a crucial test was permitted. The outcome of the ordeal was not predestinated defeat. Adam had a good fighting chance. He might have persisted in his love, trust, obedience toward God. He ought to have. The odds were not against him. He had had overmastering examples of God's goodness, constancy, wisdom, love. He ought to have been loyal.

An overweening vanity determines man to lift himself in the scale of being, even if he must needs make the staircase out of the broken commandments of a loving Heavenly Father.

The deed was done already in subjective intent, in the deliberate and pleasurable entertainment of the suggestion of doing it. Flesh and eye had already lusted, and pride had put the finishing touch. The manual act of reaching, touching, plucking, was only the objective complement of the mental determination, the other hemisphere of the full, black orb of sin which rolled on Adam with its crushing weight.

Their eyes were opened, but not to see themselves exalted to the lofty plain of their Maker, but fallen infinitely below the plane on which they were standing before. 'The normal relation between soul and body was destroyed, so that the body ceased to be any longer a pure instrument of the spirit.' So they were overwhelmed with their first sense of shame, and ceased to be 'like unconscious, unembarrassed children.'

Out of the shadows of Eden, in which, with a silly, ostrich-like instinct, they sought to hide themselves from the omniscience of their Maker, God called them. It was a fearful meeting. The reality of man's fall is evidenced by his changed bearing. The frankness of innocence is gone. When fairly cornered by his omniscient Prosecutor, with the historic cowardice of sin, he seeks to cast the blame directly upon the companion whom, up to that moment, he had loved devotedly and sheltered courageously, and indirectly upon the beneficent Being who had given her to him.

Across the densest gloom of this shattered paradise God let one ray of heavenly hope fall aslant. 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.' The age-long strife just then beginning, with its varying fortunes, between the good and the evil seed, shall finally cease when the Man of Calvary puts His bitten heel upon the serpent's head.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. Genesis iii. a help to a solution.—
The origin of evil,
Indifferent whether regarded as literal history or pictorial narrative.
2. Probation and test of Eden.
3. Vanity cause of failure in probation.
4. The accounting and penalty.
5. Hope of deliverance.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Modernize this lesson. Translate it into the language of to-day.

* * * *

Every boy and girl and older person can be shown to be standing under a tree of test. Destiny is deciding now by one's attitude toward God.

* * * *

The chances of happy outcome are better and worse than those of Adam. Worse, because of an hereditary predisposition to a wrong choice. Better, because of the provisions of mercy. Where sin abounds, grace much more abounds.

* * * *

Even now God's voice is ringing, 'Son, daughter, give Me thine heart!' One does not need to run the whole gamut of sin to be lost. Merely declining to obey God is enough to exclude one from His presence.

* * * *

Picture the approach of the first night after the exciting novelty of their experience was wearing away; the twilight hour, when retrospection is natural, when one wants to be assured of some strong safeguard; just when Adam and Eve were feeling most orphaned, the Heavenly Father sought His erring children. He has been doing so ever since.

* * * *

So, if the sinner feels a quickening of conscience, a kindling of desire, it is God at work, and in the most opportune hour. It is the supreme dictate of practical wisdom to know one's opportunity, and improve it.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 20 Topic—'More than conquerors.' The victory over temptation. Gen. iii., 4-6; Matt. xxvi., 41; Rom. viii., 37.

Something for the Boys to Do.

We ask them to sing—they can't sing; to speak pieces on children's day—they would do it if they knew what to do with their hands and feet. They want to do something worth while. We had a service when everybody brought something to give to the poor. Twenty-four boys from one class walked up the aisle, each with a bag of flour, and stacked them on the platform. What did the Sunday school do? It said, we want you to distribute this offering, and so gave them something to do that was worth while. Work like that will be as fairly done as possible, and no fraud will slip through those boys' fingers. The Messenger Department is used now, and boys carry flowers and literature to the members of the Home Department, and to the sick.—'Push.'

How to Win Attention.

There are certain principles that will help the teacher who takes thought upon his duty of being interesting.

1. Enthusiasm.—The teacher must be interested himself. An evident interest and enthusiasm will go far towards winning the attention of others. Men have been known to gather a crowd about them on the street simply by standing still and gazing up into the sky, although there was nothing unusual there to be seen.

2. Put yourself in his place.—The teacher must try to look at things from the pupil's point of view, in order that he may find a point of contact for his teaching.

3. Arouse the pupil's self-activity.—The teacher must try to make the pupil think and reason about things that are within his range and are worth thinking and reasoning about.

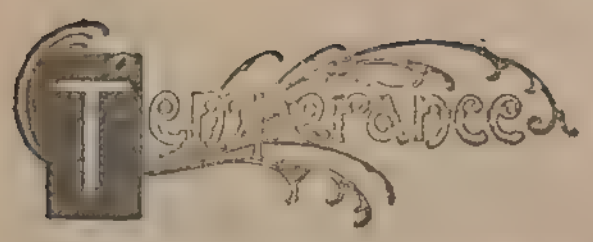
4. Use the pupil's characteristics.—Children have curiosity, imagination, dramatic instinct, and a love for the concrete rather than the abstract; the very restlessness that gives so much trouble is a God-given characteristic to keep the child from a one-sided development. These characteristics must be remembered and made use of, if interest is to be aroused and attention claimed.

5. Use illustration.—Whether stories or some other form, illustration is the vital approach to truth.—'Our Young People.'

Individual Subscriber's Advantage.

Individual subscribers are invited and recommended to take advantage of the clubbing rates, whereby they can have their selection of one or more additional papers at a merely nominal rate, and those who like pictures will find in the 'Canadian Pictorial' many that are worth hanging on the wall. See our remarkable clubbing offers elsewhere in this issue.

To Save Disappointment The very advantageous terms on which we were enabled to offer 'Messenger' subscribers the 'Canadian Pictorial' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one year for only seventy-five cents are about to be withdrawn by the Pictorial Publishing Company. As already indicated, the low price of the 'Pictorial' was for introduction purposes merely. We therefore give notice that after January 15th the price for the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' for a year each will be one dollar for the club. BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE 75 CENT RATE WHILE IT LASTS. Address all subscriptions to John Dougall and Son, publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal.



The Doctor's Ideal.

(Maggie Fearn, Author of 'That Maid of Monsons,' 'Tempted,' etc., in the 'Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

'An uncommonly nasty night,' he said to himself, with some disgust. 'Now where is No. 19, I wonder? What a mad thing to come out on a night like this ,to see what may not be worth seeing! I wouldn't have done it for everybody; but Davinia Sinclair is a woman with her head put on the right way, and her jokes generally turn out lucky. Phew!'

He had stopped abruptly before what was evidently No. 19, for the house bore that legend in golden figures over the door, and there was an addition to the number, which ran thus: 'Charlotte-street Coffee Room.'

'So,' remarked Dr. Gordon, still noting as his own informant, 'this is Miss Sinclair's latest hobby.'

He peered curiously about for some minutes, intent on observing all that could be observed from the outside. A ruby lamp threw a warm glowing illumination upon the wet pavement, and through the large plate-glass window the light from within streamed invitingly. Mechanically, the doctor pushed open the door and entered, wondering the while at finding himself inside such an unlikely place as a coffee room. His quick eye, accustomed to critical alertness, began instantly taking note of the surroundings. Small, but thoroughly substantial, tables were dispersed about the large long room, and on the white marble slabs were dozens of cups and saucers of an attractive design; while sugar bowls and jugs of sparkling glass, alternate ruby and white, stood invitingly filled ready for immediate use.. There were light delicate buns, and more solid biscuits piled on square basket dishes, and pyramids of golden oranges made the beholder experience a sudden sensation of thirst and longing. Light shone down from above through ruby-colored globes, and there crept over the senses a delicious sensation of warm, pleasurable comfort, upon entering the room. An aromatic smell pervaded the entire place, partly due to the steaming coffee and cocoa, partially exhaled by sturdy plants, which seemed delighted to thrive in so congenial an atmosphere. The sitting accommodation was such as to suit all tastes and inclinations. There were stout Windsor chairs for the hardy people who professed contempt for the softer luxuries of house civilization, and a huge old-fashioned settee in one corner, against a wall, which looked almost capable of supporting Atlas with the earth artistically poised upon his shoulders if he should feel a sudden weariness, and be inclined for an hour's repose. Some cane-seated chairs, and a few absurdly uncomfortable three-legged stools for restless folk, who are never caught napping, made up a not unpleasant selection; and the bright rush mats, with scarlet borders, dropped here and there, interspersed with a few more pretentious skin rugs, gave one the feeling that the feet might easily be made comfortable if they were at all reasonable in their requirements.

Dr. Gordon had taken critical note of these details almost at the first glance, and he lifted his eyebrows and said, 'Pshaw!' again. Then he stopped short. It began to be apparent that the ear was to be charmed as well as the eye, for the lively strains of a well-known march struck pleasantly upon the air, educed from a good sounding piano at the opposite end of the room. Then it was possible to have music other than at a public-house? The doctor clasped and unclasped his hands thoughtfully, as he gazed around. Why couldn't a man reasonably expect to spend a comfortable evening amid these by no means undesirable surroundings? The question lingered in his thoughts ,and refused to be put aside. Why was it such an indispensable adjunct to a social evening to have the accompaniment of a glass of something 'hot and strong?' or the inevitable tankard of ale? He moved slowly forward, and began to stroll round the room. All the usual 'dailies' were lying ready to hand, and many of the better-class of pictorial papers—the objectionable ones were carefully excluded, and this did not escape the critical eye of the doctor. He nodded his head, and said to himself that whatever men might say and think he saw no reason why they should delight in the immoral and the horrible.

A brisk man, with a manner that meant business came forward, and inquired if he could serve the gentleman, and the doctor ordered a cup of coffee, to see what its quality might be. He examined it with the same critical judgment as he had bestowed upon all else, and it stood the test. It was unquestionably good coffee. He made a few casual remarks to the manager, and noticed meanwhile while speaking that one or two men looked half shyly in the door, and after hesitating a little ventured suspiciously to step inside. The piano kept up its inspiring martial strains, and the lights shone brilliantly through the ruby glasses, and outside the storm raged.

Dr. Gordon drew on his gloves, and pulled up his overcoat collar. He was used to facing the most inclement weather and did not feel intimidated. But as he stepped out into the stormy darkness he threw a backward glance into the large, well lighted, well-furnished coffee restaurant, and acknowledged that the thing looked likely to be a success. No one at that crucial moment could have honestly said that it was not attractive.

Miss Davinia Sinclair sat in her pretty cushioned chair beside the decorated mantelshelf. Outside the storm was expending its fury. It was nearly 8 o'clock She looked thoughtful. Would Dr. Gordon call, or had he a more important engagement? Had he been to No. 19, Charlotte-street, or—? She suddenly sat upright, and listened. There was a knock at the hall door, and a quick decided ringing of the hall bell. She surely recognized both, as one recognizes something familiar. A minute later Dr. Gordon was beside her, having hastily divested himself of his overcoat.

'I had thought the days of witchery were past,' said he, drawing up a chair in a way that proved he felt himself no stranger. 'I don't know whether I am friendly with you this evening, Miss Sinclair. A man hates to surrender a point.'

'Doctor,' said Miss Sinclair, soberly, 't sounds a dreadful night. Isn't it a pity that the public-house is a man's only refuge?'

He sat and looked at her in a way peculiar to himself. His glances were keen as lightning, and the shapely hand resting on his knee showed culture and indicated skill.

'I said the public-house was a working man's only "refuge," because those who condemn it offer him no equivalent.'

'True; I wish an equivalent could be offered.'

The two, one on either side of the fire, looked straight into each other's eyes. The doctor spoke, and his answer was given with deliberation.

'I think I have seen an equivalent this evening,' he said.

'You have?'

Miss Sinclair may be pardoned if her cheeks flushed with some flattering excitement.

'Yes, at No. 19, Charlotte-street.'

'Doctor, have you come to cross swords with me again?'

'No. I think the correct thing is to relinquish one's sword to the conqueror, isn't it? I drank a cup of coffee just now, Miss Sinclair.'

'Did it agree with you, as well as the "punch" on New Year's Eve?' she asked, with a little covert smile.

'They were both very good,' Dr. Gordon replied. He was not a man who would allow his pet prejudices to be lightly yielded up, and yet——. They were very silent for a little while. Miss Sinclair sat looking into the glowing fire, and the doctor regarded her as a new scientific problem worthy of study. She lifted her eyes after a time, and met his scrutiny with some amusement and a great deal of earnest inquiry.

'Dr. Gordon, will you "own up" that a man's physical requirements can be met, and his comforts catered for, without reference to alcohol?'

The doctor leaned forward with one of his fascinating smiles.

'Yes, Miss Sinclair, I'll "own up," as I promised I would, for I see that the thing can be done. The pity is that there are not more magicians like yourself in the world to prove the truth, the practical truth, of your theory. I frankly confess that I have found my unexpected ideal at No. 19, Charlotte-street, and though you are making it very hard for me, I hope I am an honest man, and know how to do the right thing.'

'And about the "punch," doctor?'

He drew back, and tipped his chair in a half irritated, half amused way.

'The punch was very good, Miss Davinia; I told you so just now; but——'

'But you won't brew any more, will you, doctor?'

He rose and stood by the fire, with his hands clasped behind him.

'Miss Sinclair, we were discussing the needs of the working man, and not our own,' he said.

Yet as he shook hands with her his laughing eyes met hers, and she knew that at last they perfectly agreed.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Living Sorrows.

'Two teachers returned from their summer holiday to take up again the work in the boarding school where they taught. To one the summer had been a holiday beside a dying sister, and had seen her buried just before the close of the holiday. The other had been summoned home by the death of her mother, and had spent the summer in the heartrending work of breaking up the old home, and deciding what to do with innumerable belongings, each of them associated with some loved one. Both returned weary and low-spirited, and each found solace in the society of the other, to whom, as a companion in sorrow, she could tell over and over the story of her grief.

To one of the other teachers also they told their sad experiences, and she, too, gave comfort with her sympathy. 'You, too, have had sorrow,' said one of them. 'How long have you been a widow?'

'About nine years—I think,' she answered.

And one of the others said, 'A grief must grow much less in nine years.'

'Some griefs, yes,' answered the widow. 'Thank God for hard work, dears, work that compels you to do your utmost, work on which your daily bread depends. Good night!'

'What do you suppose she meant by saying, "Some griefs, yes," and that she "thought" her husband had been dead nine years?' they asked each other. 'Did we say anything to hurt her?'

Of all the staff of teachers there was no one more ready to comfort others, more forgetful of herself, than she of whose grief there was no outward reminder save her title, 'Mrs.' And just now her friends remembered that she had never told them the story of her sorrow. In her silence they began to feel a sense of shame. Had they been casting their own burden, one they ought to be bearing with heroism and cheerfulness, upon one already more burdened than themselves? Something told them that it was so, and they would not let the night pass without confessing it to her.

The door was locked when they knocked, and when she let them in they knew she had been crying.

'We were so thoughtless in our own sorrow,' they said, 'we did not realise that we were opening yours afresh. Did we hurt you? Tell us about your sorrow.'

'Girls,' she answered, 'you have no occasion to blame yourselves for any hurt I feel. It is there all the time. I forget it all I can, and try to think of others. You could not have been expected to know of it, and you were not to blame in telling me of your grief. Shall I tell you about mine?

'Twelve years ago I was married. My husband was headmaster of the school where I was teaching. He was brilliant, popular, successful. We had a beautiful home, and were so happy. But his overwork brought on a nervous trouble, with insomnia, and at last unsettled his mind. One day, after a long period of sleepless nights, he left me for an hour, and never returned.

'We searched the country for him; we dragged the river; we advertised in the papers. It was as if the earth had opened and then closed over him. Not one word from that day has come to me of him.'

'You think of him as dead?' asked one of the others.

'I try to. Would to God I could know that he is dead. It is the thought that he may be living, wandering, homeless, insane, exposed to dangers, cold and heat, that would drive me frantic, if I did not trust in God, and think of others and of my work.

'O girls, thank God for a sorrow on which you can strew flowers! If only I could go and lay flowers above the grave of one I love more than my own life, I would go to the ends of the earth to find it, and thank God But I cannot know. So I just try to do my work with all my heart, and to think of other people, and to help a little here and there; and night by night I thank God for grace that has enabled me to live one more day.'

The others were both weeping with her. One of them said, 'You have been bearing this all these years, and we have been talking as though ours was the only grief worth thinking of! We have been selfish, heartless.'

'No,' said she of the living sorrow. 'We know each other's grief, and sympathise with each other. That is enough. We will just go to work in the strength the Lord gives us, and find our comfort in helping others.'—The 'Christian Age.'

On Unexpected Guests.

'The woman who does her own work is sometimes in danger of gliding into an attitude of shrinking from guests,' says Mary Stewart Cutting in her 'Talks to wives,' now appearing in 'Harper's Bazar.' 'Very mistakenly she feels that when she cannot offer the perfection of employed service to her friends she does not care to ask them to her table. Thus the man of the house too often has to renounce the privilege, dear to his heart, of bringing home a chance guest. When young and inexperienced he cherishes the illusion that he can do this at any time without warning, and it takes a series of bitter lessons to convince him that he is not free in this regard, and even if he sends word to his wife that one of his old college friends has happened in and that he is bringing him out to dinner he may be making a terrible blunder.

'It is always a pity when this stage is reached. The man who comes to the point where he is afraid to invite a friend home with him when he pleases has lost something besides the privilege. A certain degree of confidence in his wife's ability to meet emergencies, in her eagerness to give him pleasure, is gone.'

Helpful Hints.

To pasteurize milk, put into bottles, and cork. Put the bottles in water at a temperature of 155 degrees, and keep them at that temperature for 30 minutes. Milk should never be allowed to stand in an open vessel after boiling.

To keep lemons put them in a jar, and cover them with cold water; change the water each week, and they will keep ripe and juicy for one or two months.

To salt almonds, shell, cover with boiling water, rub off the brown skin. Then put them into a baking pan in the oven, until they are thoroughly dry. To each half pound pour over a teaspoonful of olive oil. Shake until they are golden brown. Take from the oven, dredge thickly with very fine salt, and turn out immediately to cool.

For the Busy Mother.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the above model on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

FROCK FOR THE LITTLE GIRL.—NO. 1046.

The skirt is laid in fine tucks that are stitched to the waist depth, and is finished at the lower edge with a ruffle of lace or embroidery. The yoke is in pointed style, and can be made nicely with tucks and insertion, or all-over embroidery finished with ruffle of same, corresponding with skirt flounce. The sleeves are in bishop style, finished with a cuff of lace or embroidery, or plain, as one desires. The neck is finished with a band of same material, or insertion. The pattern is in five sizes, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. For 5 years it requires 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide, with 4 7-8 yards of edging.

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This morning wrapper is very comfortable, as well as serviceable, and at the same time neat and pretty. The square yoke is an attractive feature, the full front and back being gathered at the yoke to give the required fulness, and if one desires the fulness at the waist can be drawn in with a ribbon or belt.

The sleeves are full at the shoulders, and are cut in shirt waist style, with cuffs of the same material. The neck is completed by a comfortable rolling collar, also of some material.

The ribbon tied about the waist is an optional detail. This design would develop nicely in albatross, challis, flannelette, lawn, percale, cotton crepe, or similar fabrics, trimmed with braid or contrasting material. This pattern is in 7 sizes, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. For the 36 bust it requires 4 7-8 yards of material, 44 inches wide.

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How to Keep Well.

Far too many girls neglect their health; the working woman ages more quickly than her domesticated sister, and she blames her work and business worries when her health gives way as the result of her own carelessness and lack of common sense. Good, hard, honest work never hurt anybody; work of some sort or other is essential to the happiness and well being of man and woman alike. With proper care and attention the girl who has to work hard for a living can enjoy first class health. Hundreds of girls go through their day's work haunted by the spectre of ill health, tired and fagged and physically unfit for the burden of work which they have to take up each day, when a little thought and care on their part, a little knowledge of the simplest laws of health, would convert their work into a pleasure. In five out of six cases the ill health, the languor, and lassitude which afflict so many business girls have a very simple explanation. Dyspepsia and anæmia account for a great deal, and these two affections are nature's special punishments for the women who disregard her laws and refuse to listen to her teaching.

If working women would but determine to live healthy lives as their circumstances permit, if they would attend to their diet, remember the necessity for fresh air and physical exercises, if they would avoid over-fatigue and wear warm, rational clothing, they would make all the difference to their health and comfort and capacity for work.—'North-western Christian Guardian.'

How to Feed Children.

'Children who are building up bone and tissue require to be supplied with brown wholemeal bread, or with wheatmeal biscuits, in order to obtain the gluten and phosphates which are found under the husks of the wheat. If they are fed upon the white bread only, in combination with the usual artificial diet of modern civilization, they will be in danger of suffering from rickets or malnutrition.

'The natural instincts of children should be gratified in the matter of diet. They will instinctively prefer sweet fruits, nuts, milk foods and farinaceaus dishes. Macaroni puddings and savouries are also most valuable for them, and are much appreciated.

'Let them eat bananas, apples, figs, dates, boiled chestnuts, Brazil and walnuts, puffed rice with hot milk, oatmeal porridge (well cooked and every other day), whole-wheat biscuits, good brown bread and butter, and milk that has always been first scalded, and they will thrive. The services of a doctor are seldom required in a household where pure food, pure drink, and pure air are deemed essentials, both for children and adults.'—Extracts from Mr. S. H. Beard's new Guide Book to Natural Hygienic and Humane Diet.

The Trials of Life.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials! but those perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercises of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and when he has provided, or purposed for the trial of our virtue; these are best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the latter because not chosen ourselves.

To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, instruction, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor— this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superceded pilgrimage and penance.—Hanna Moore.

Religious Notes.

An encouraging spiritual movement is taking place among the boys in the Gentils boys' school at Damascus. One of the Moslems was deeply touched, and the lads made a little meeting among themselves twice a week for Bible reading, prayer, and to hear short religious papers written by one or two of their number. In the Gentile girls' school a similar movement has been going on, and we trust will continue to spread throughout this ancient city.

Thousands of professing Christian men, among them not a few ministers, spend more for tobacco than they devote to missionary work. And many professing Christian women spend more for a single dress than they have contributed to missions in their whole lives. So Dr. Horton says, addressing an English audience. How is it in this country? There is reason to fear that the statement may apply here, too. It is a serious charge, isn't it?

Dr. H. C. Stuntz, home from the Philippines, says he has a letter from a young missionary who went from Ohio Wesleyan, who, at the end of three months, writes: 'We are doing nothing but studying the language, but 151 people have been received into the church, and we have built a chapel.' The doctor adds: 'I would like to know what that man will do when he gets the languages and goes to work. I never saw such readiness to hear.'

In less than five years the Utah Gospel Mission Workers have visited about 60,000 families, containing over 300,000 people, in a region about 550 by 250 miles in extent, and have held nearly 600 Gospel meetings, with an average attendance of ninety—total, over 50,000. Over 5,000,000 pages of special literature have also been carefully used. Of the 414 places visited thus far, over 300 were without any Christian work, many of them from ten to fifty miles from such a service.

One of the leading daily papers in Japan pays this tribute to Christianity. 'Look over Japan. More than 40,000,000 have a higher standard of morality than they have ever known. Our ideas of loyalty and obedience are higher than ever, and when we inquire the cause of this great moral advance, we find it in the religion of Jesus Christ.'

A number of mission board secretaries and prominent Christian laymen expect to go to China in the spring to attend the great conference to be held in Shanghai in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Protestant Missions in China.

Only thirty years ago Stanley pleaded for a single missionary to be sent to central Africa. Now, in addition to the large force of missionaries, there are 100 ordained native pastors, 2,000 schools and churches, 60,000 converts, and 300,000 native children in the Christian schools. Darkest Africa is lighting up.

A small Mission Boat has been placed in New York harbor in memory of Jerry McAuley, founder and for years head of the mission which bears his name in Water Street, New York City. The only son of the late Samuel Hopkins Hadley, for twenty years head of the same mission, assisted in the dedicatory services, which took place in September. An evangelist and his wife will live on the boat and conduct missions in different harbars.

'Die Ärztliche Mission,' the first magazine of any size to be issued in Germany in the interests of medical missions, supplies us with a detailed list of all the medical missionaries representing the German societies. There are two in India, six in China, four in Africa, two in Sumatra, one in Labrador, one in Leh (British Tibet), and one in Alaska—twenty-three in all. Of these five represent the Basel Missionary Society, five the Rhenish Society, three the Moravians, one the German Baptists, one Leipsic Evangelical Lutheran Mission, three the German Orient Mission working at Urfa and Diarbekir, two the General Evangelical Protestant Missionary Union working at Kiauchow, and three the German Helpers' League for Armenia. The missionaries have thirteen hospitals, with about 400 beds in all, and the sum of the in and out patients is about 60,000 per annum.

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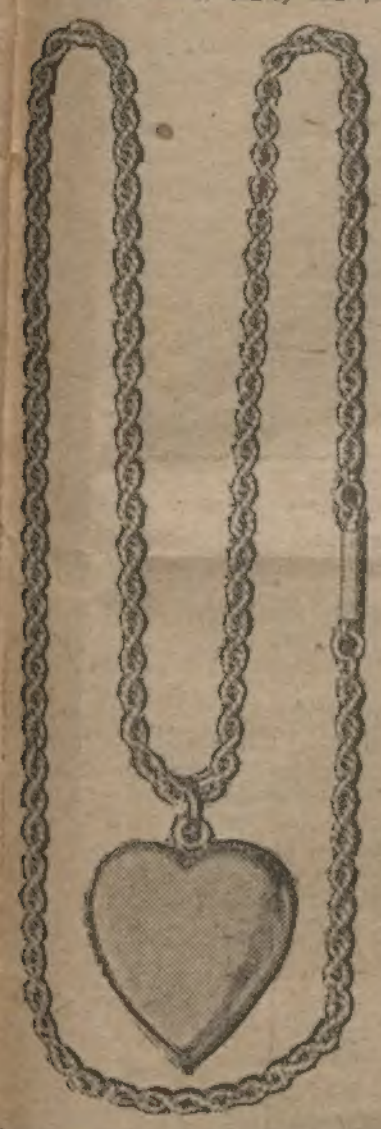

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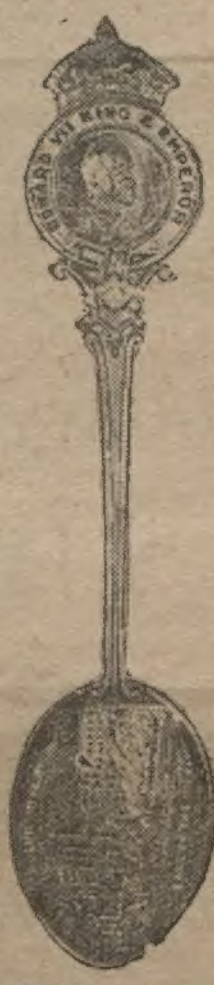

Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, first quality, bright silver finish or richly gilt. The handle is ornamented with coat-of-arms of each province, in fine hard enamel, or with enamel leaf for Alberta and Saskatchewan, whose coat-of-arms is not yet authorized. The great attraction about this spoon is that we will have the bowl hand engraved to your order, with any single name you choose—your surname—your Christian name—or the name of your town. This is a rare chance for residents in new districts to get a handsome Souvenir Spoon that they could not buy locally for any money. These Spoons, with Christian name engraved, would form a most acceptable present for any one. When intended as a gift we will mail direct postpaid and registered to any address, with sender's card enclosed, if supplied. This spoon retails regularly at $1.25.

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